An

ELEGY

On the much lamented Death of *Jaquo*[c] the *Monkey* keeper of the Black-Dogg, who was barbaroully murther'd laſt night by a hard hearted Gentlewoman.

HARK! Hark the Noiſe, the Sorrows, and the Eccho,
Of all the Pris'ners for the Death of JACQUO',
Poor JACQUO's gone, who ſeldom ſaw his Betters,
For all he knew were Criminals or Debtors;
What Reard him Guinea, never Bread a Beaſt,
More mannerly, or of a finer Taſte,
His Manners did conſiſt in this Miſhap,
Who paſs'd and wou'd not oft he learn'd to Cap,
True to his truſt perpetual Centinel!
He ſtood as Geb'rus at the Gate of Hell;
When Horrors mov'd around, and dread Diſpair,
Th' unanxious JACQUO never knew ſell Care,
Sported with Miſery his frequent Smiles,
Shew'd his beſt Pleaſure lay in gripping Wiles,
And tho' himſelf a Priſoner, but of State,
He Lov'd to ſee Companions ſhare his Fate,
He Liv'd the Monarch of a ſhort Liv'd Reign
His Empire bounded with the Length of Chain,
No Parliament or Privy Counceils kept,
Coffee his Guardian when ſo e'er he ſlept,
For if by Night he Napp'd he was by Day,
So Watchful, that he truſt him with his Key:
COFFEE his Guardian whenſoe'er he Slept,
For if by Night he Napp'd he was by Day,
So Watchful that he'd truſt him with his Key,
He's gone poor Jacquo's gone, untimely fell,
And yet we're told he is not gone to Hell,
That place he cou'd not dread, for while he had Br
The place he liv'd in was a Hell on Earth,
No will he made becauſe he'd nought to leave,
For Coffee had below prepar'd a Grave;
But grinn'd this in the laſt Convulſive ſtrife,
I'll haunt the Whore that poyſon'd me for Life:

EPITAPH

COFFEE's Conſort here does Lye
Whoſe Death almoſt did make him
His fellow Servant was ſo Juſt
That he to him the Keys did Truſt,
And tho' he was a little Jeſter
Above the World he fear'd his Maſter.

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